

The Original Magazine for Man Who Enjoy Dressing Like Women!

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# F.M.I.

## Female Mimic Internationa

VOLUME 25 NUMBER 4 ISSUE 90

THE VOGUE OF THE  
**TRANSGENDERED**  
ESTABLISHED SINEC 1964

THE MAGIC  
OF...  
"TWIN DRAG  
QUEENS"

THE BENEFIT OF  
THE YEAR  
1996'S BATTLE  
FOR THE TIARA

A SPECIAL INSTALLMENT FROM  
"A JOURNEY  
FROM HE!"

NEW PERSONAL  
ADS



PLUS OUR LISTING OF:  
THE HOTTEST SHE-MALE PHONE LINES  
IN THE COUNTRY!!! 800 & 900 NO'S INSIDE  
MUST BE OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE

ALL MODELS ARE OVER 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER





# FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL

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# EDITORIAL



The good caring people of Los Angeles showed their best faces when, after The Annual Aid For Aids Walkathon, they changed into their ball gowns and pretty dresses and headed for "The Battle of the Tiara" for 1995! The benefit show featured the most fabulous and funny beauties from across the USA. The Wilshire Ebell Theater was the place to mingle with the celebrities that filled the theater. Many of the guests were painted, and powered in the name and made no apologies for it! The entire evening was a great success the winner more than deserved the title and I personally had a divine evening sitting next to the enchanting Tina Alemada and one row back from the "Cat Goddess" of the fifties, Julie Newmar, who looked as stunning as ever!

And just for your information, the photo material beginning on page four was the catalyst of my own career. The vision of Hilmar and Christian Du Boir was the talk of the Club 82 in the mid Sixties. Their version of the Kesler Twins of Germany had everyone doing their hair light blonde, and wearing hot pink feathers. What an inspiration to a kid from Westchester County, I wanted to grow up and be just like Hilmar and Christian!

As always your out pouring of letters, photos, and tid bits are the joy of my day, so please keep em coming!

*As always,  
Kim Christy*

PO BOX 1622  
STUDIO CITY, CA. 91614







THE MAGIC OF TWIN  
DRAG QUEENS  
HILMAR & CHRISTIAN DU BOIR!











The smell of Joy perfume fills the back stage of the the down stairs night club on East 4th Street, the rustle of their feathered fans can be heard coming down the long hall from their dressing room. In two big drum rolls the, capacity filled room will feast their eyes on the most spectacular act female impersonation ever had the privilege of knowing!





Their hot pink lipstick glistens with lip gloss, the wigs are done to perfection and the outfits fit the curves of two of the hottest bodies hormones had the grace to know, these are "girls", that would become legends in the world of glamor, and cross dressing. Never before had Drag Queens put out the money and energy to create the vision you see. Coupled with their great music and dance routine the audience was left with their mouths open in a state of disbelief that Hilmar And Christian were anything but real live Show girls!





Having made their mark in drag show biz , they eventually went on to supper clubs both in the United States and Canada. With fame and some fortune behind them each made the decision to become "real" women completely and live happily ever after!











# JOURNEY FROM ME!

I can feel the rough pebble grain texture as I cringe against the wall, the fist still catching the corner of my cheek, rolling my head, my nose digging deep into the hard plaster board, spreading a scarlet swipe along the grainy surface.

"No...leave me alone!" I shout, backpeddling, putting some distance between myself and the hammer blows.

Carol is suddenly over me, protecting me from the drunken hulk, drawing attention to herself. "Come on Dave, it's alright, besides, I'll make sure he doesn't do it again...And wouldn't you

rather find something nice to do instead...?" Her hand reaches down to massage the juncture of his thighs. My eyes are drawn to the contact. The hand rubs over the material, the pants tenting with sudden arousal.

Dave grabs her shoulders, pulling close and kissing hard. Lips mashed together, his hands roam her body, cupping, lifting, squeezing. Animal grunts of coarse pleasure leak from Dave's slobbering lips.

I blot my bloody nose with a kleenex, my tongue probing the sore flesh of my mouth where the cheek was smacked against

my braces. The blood is salty, the coppery taste a catalyst, enhancing my awareness of the situation. Head back, I watch as Dave leads Carol off to the bedroom, his great paw spanning the globe of her ass, kneading it in passion, the bun rolling as she walks. I can't help but watch her full figure as it moves down the hall, the shortskirt pulled taught over ass and thigh, giving ample view of the long legs, legs ending in ultra high heels. My passion is also aroused. The evidence hard, pressing against the material of my pants.

It's the same thing every time



Dave comes home from an early afternoon with the guys at the bar. Drunken, bleary eyed, in a rage. Striking out at the least provocation, sex being the only thing that can sway him from destruction.

Head back against the wall, I remember. My parents were nothing like these people. My mother a goddess, sweet, regal, beautiful. She was an angel that watched over me, catering to my every whim. Was... The accident changed all that.

A rainy day just like this one. Dad was home for a change. Quiet, refined, finally ready to trade his life on the road for one in an office. We hadn't seen much of him except for weekends (if he wasn't golfing) and the occasional vacation we took together.

No, Mom had been the one who was there for me, sharing, caring, guiding. I had been her baby. (A laugh) 'Mommy's helper', Dad always quipped. Cooking, cleaning, dusting and shopping with her. I did everything with her. Everything... including dressing and going to the bathroom, until she happened to notice that I was beginning to become a man. Traces of hair above my penis. That had put an end to that part of it. But it did not end our close relationship. I still continued to be there with her, to watch her dress in her lacy lingerie, apply her makeup and do her hair.

Sometimes I would help, sometimes just sit mesmerized as she would go through the ritual.

That too came to an end with the accident. "Fuck!"

I slam the door to my bedroom, the robe on the back hook swinging and catching as it closes. The slam a dull thump. High squeals leak through the walls, the creaking of their bed. Dave's gruff voice laughing.

Hands automatically go through the ritual of undressing for bed. Shirt and pants form a ball in the corner. Socks land in different directions. Still fuming from the fight with Dave, I hook my thumbs into the waistband of my shorts and peel them down. They drop to a circle at my bare feet.

Standing before the tall mirror, I look for muscle. Any bulge or roll or evidence of manly sinew. Dave was wrong to say that, to say that I will never be a man.

He was wrong, but I don't understand it myself. I eat everything in sight. Lift weights daily. Take vitamins, even the special ones that Carol had gotten for me lately. No use. Everything seems to stay the same...small, thin, delicate, a carry over from the sicknesses which kept me in bed blasting my body with fever.

The form in the mirror is elfin, waiflike. Shortwaisted, long arms and legs. Fingers too thin and narrow, Carol calling them "artistic". No bulges of muscle at all in the legs. Sticks. My chest is flat with no pectoral muscles to flex. Depressing. Maybe Dave is right, I'll never get girls interested in me, even if I try to be "cool" by wearing the baggy "Hip Hop" clothes, or by getting the haircut I did.

But it's what all the guys have. A Retro style, very 1930's, long on top, flaring out at the ears,

and tapered down the neck. Someone called it the Great Gatsby style. Bangs sweep across my forehead, but usually hang down in my face. A tough look. Glancing at the mirror I shake my head to mess it up, to make it hang. It doesn't look tough as I stand there naked.

And then there's what happened at school. I crawl into bed, too upset to sleep. Visions of my humiliation haunt my dreams.

It could have been called just an average fight. Kids mixing it up. But hell broke loose when I got kicked in the nuts. My vision clouded over, stars before my eyes, and, of course, a blinding flash of pain between my legs. The Gym Coach was immediately called and I was taken to the sick room. "God, am I sick."

But then the worst part happened.

He did all his usual things to stop my pain, and then noticed that my nuts weren't in the sack! He had seen this before, but generally not both nuts. He shook and jiggled me, hefted and swung me trying to force them back out...but to no avail. Carol was called at her job, and she had to take me to a doctor.

"So tell me, Doc, how can this happen?...and make it in terms I can understand." she commanded.

He kept his hand between my legs, holding the empty sack, feeling for the balls. "You see...ah, there they come..." We could both feel as first one and then the other slipped from the abscess. The pain had gone, and now I could feel the balls dropping down, the sensation odd,



but in some way sensual. The release reminding me of an enema I had once had as a child.

"Rob has a somewhat under-developed pelvic area" He coughs, turning away," As boys enter puberty their testes are released from the body cavity through an opening not unlike the female vagina. It's an opening in the pelvic muscles really... well, it seems that after Rob's dropped, the opening failed to close. I'm sure it will over time."

Dave had just laughed. Another bit of ammunition to use when baiting me about my small non-masculine stature.

Climbing from bed and standing in front of the mirror now, I can feel the blush come over me. Boredom and curiosity overtake me. My hands slide down my front, over my flat chest and stomach, down to my center. I reach between and heft the small sack, the balls huddled together. Leaning forward, my fingers lightly hold one...then find the nitch and insert the ball gently into the crevice. It fits into the opening, a slight uncomfortable feeling there until it huddles in. The second enters with little effort. Easing to a standing position, I bring my legs together. Nothing. No pain...only a weird pressure. It's oddly enjoyable.

Walking around, I keep my legs together, holding them in place...I don't know why. I cannot feel them any more there than if they were where they should be. Maybe a slight inner pressure. Bored after a while, I reach under my mattress for the fashion magazine. The pictures of the girls are as close as I'll

come to being with anyone. I fan through the book, breasts and painted lips holding my attention. Sensual dark eyes in make-up ads, long legs advertising stockings and panties. Legitimate porn.

My center rises, the heat in the room rocketing from warm to hot. Long fingers stroke the filling cock. Pages turn, thoughts race, pictures become real. My hand races to finish, the pressure building, suddenly reminding me that I had left my balls up, tucked.

As the thought strikes, so does my orgasm, the thick liquid spurting up, covering my hand as I feel the balls explode back into their sack. It is a powerful sensation. Unique...mine.

Cold, overcast, the drips running down the windowpane. In my childhood I would have considered it a time of evil spirits taking over the earth. Ghosts and goblins casting their spells, changing the shapes of things. Later it was just an ominous time. The gloom casting a pall over all things. But now it is my time. Private time. Time to remember, to explore, to think about my feelings.

I wander the house having it all to myself. A day to celebrate, a day of change. The day that my braces were removed after five agonizing years. Every mirror calls to me, asking to see the splendid results. It was worth it. The teeth perfect, white and glistening. My lips are still puffy, too full for a boy my size and shape. I'll still get kidded by the others at school.

The dentist appointment went

faster than anyone had anticipated. I probably should have returned to school, but what the hell, it's not like I care about it. The refrigerator reveals nothing enticing. "Garbage!"

So I wander, looking through cabinets, nothing of interest catching my eye.

The cloak of solitude embraces my shoulders...alone!

I move to another room, the bedroom of my foster parents for the last six months. The air is filled with their personal smells. Perfume and cologne. Underlying it all is the scent of bodies.

The spicy fragrance again reminds me of my mother...Gone now, the center of my being. Mother...memories of her are centered on her exotic beauty. A woman who dressed for men. A raven haired beauty who enjoyed their attention. A flirt. But I remember her reverently each time I see my own dark tresses in the mirror..

One by one I open drawers in the dresser. Dave's stuff. It reeks of male. Underwear, socks and sweaters. I quickly close these drawers.

Other drawers reveal her things, Carol's underwear, lingerie really. Sachets placed in the drawers adding a floral fragrance to the delicate items. I pick them up, admiring their silky feel and sheerness. A wide variety of feminine apparel.

For no reason I hold a bra to my chest as I lean to the side to face a mirror. The white bra stands out absurdly on my plaid flannel shirt. "Dumb!" It is thrown back in the drawer in dis-







dain.

I wander into the bathroom, allowing my body to follow no apparent path. An assortment of makeup is scattered about on the counter top. Fingers flick through it, poking and touching the different items. A gold lipstick case is picked up, the top opening with a soft pop. The dark stick of gloss swivels out, as sweet fragrance announcing its release. I hold it up to my nose, inhaling, but now noticing the contrast of lips and the dark rose lipstick. It catches and holds my attention. I sniff it, inhaling the sweet scent more deeply.

Without thinking, I touch it to my lips. The soft texture of the lipstick feels tingly, sensual on my still puffy lips. An absence of braces combines to produce an ultra sensitive arena for this game.

The lips part to receive, holding steady. Short strokes define the bow, the way I'd seen Mother do it, each touch sending light chills through me. More strokes bring the color out to the edges. I fill, being careful to keep within the borders that have been set. I have no idea why I have done this. But it awakens a feeling of adventure deep inside me.

A sly smile creeps across my face, the forbidden aspect of what I am doing blossoms. I know this is wrong, but that's what makes it so nice. A tingle of sexual electricity runs through me for some reason I cannot fathom. There is an ecstacy in the game I have found for myself.

Focusing on the picture in the mirror, I lick my lips, the taste

new and foreign. It makes me more aware of the change. The dark color making my lips seem more animated, very feminine. A bow shape, just like in the magazines, perfect, the sheen of the lipstick catching the light...sexy. My smile glows, showing my enjoyment of the effect of the lipstick. Eyes search the remaining cosmetics, my mind filled with pictures of the Models in the fashion magazines that fill the house.

Mascara, the tube proclaiming 'washable' is opened with shaking fingers. Part of it is a wand-like brush. My hand touches it to the upper lashes, each stroke makes them darker and longer, each stroke proclaiming that I like this game. I keep my face close to the mirror, attention riveted to the individual results. Every lash is coated, up and down. Leaning back, I admire my workmanship. But less and less of me is standing there. A pretty young girl looks back at me, her big eyes mysterious and alluring. I must continue.

A pencil outlines the eyes, adding depth and an exotic tilt. The eyebrows are darkened, the ends lengthened and arched. Too full, but that's in right now.

The hair. The hair just doesn't look right. The masculine haircut that never looked tough now seems too much so. I fuss, brushing it forward, fluffing the bangs. Still not right. Hair spray fills the air, wetting the front hair, the brush lifting it, forming it into a forward leaning wave. The sides are brushed back, fluffing it out.

Yes, quite acceptable.

Each step beckons, pulls me deeper. I cannot stop.

I am astounded by the beauty looking back at me from the mirror. Gone is Rob Stevens, the awkward sixteen year old boy rejected by virtually everyone. Instead there is someone I would die to be with. I must admire my creation, viewing from every quarter. But I am still restless.

I continue to wander the house, intimately aware of the makeup on my face. It keeps my attention, not allowing me to focus on anything else. Items are picked up only to be placed absently down again. But each mirror and reflective surface attracts, the sexy nymph calling out to me to come look. I try smiles, pouts, laughter. The cosmetics emphasizing each facial expression. I can easily change from a soft, virginal look to a sexy sophisticated pose with just the shift of my smile and tilt of head. This person is just so much more versatile than I am.

Finally the clock beckons. Carol will be home soon. I carefully put everything back where I found it, then I wash, scrubbing extra to eliminate tell tale signs. Carol finds me propped in front of the TV, staring at the screen.

"Hi, how was school today...anything new?"

"Naa, same old stuff..." is thrown over my shoulder.

I retire early, ready to dream, but the mirror draws me. In it I look for evidence of that girl. Without the makeup to pull it all together, only bits and pieces come forth. But they are there if



you know where to look. I play with my hair, fluffing. Eyes are shaded as I look over my shoulder and pout. My shirt is slipped off one shoulder, the pale skin flashing in contrast to the dark shirt. I play the model but it's not the same without the makeup. I settle in bed, my mind whirling. The sultry face haunts me, calling to me as I drift to sleep, my center rising. I must do it again.

Three days later, I skip school again. Back in the house, I check to be sure Dave and Carol are not there. Alone, I search the bathroom for the exciting makeup. Setting it up on the sink, arranging it in line, in order of use. I am nervous... nervous and excited.

Hand shaking, I begin to darken my lashes, careful not to smudge. Step by step, a certain artistry takes shape. The beauty of the face appearing as if by magic. Hairspray gives me a fuller hairdo to work with. It's getting long now, ready for a trim. But I don't want a trim...not yet anyway. Hopefully Carol won't say anything about it for a while.

The lipstick glides on smoothly, coating the full, almost puffy lips a dark red. A smile spreads them over very white teeth, the contrast startling. I stare at the lovely creature again, enjoying. But the lips still draw my attention, the perfect cupid's bow in red. It lies in contrast to my pale skin, the full lower lip hanging petulantly or pulling back in a dazzling smile. I wish I could kiss this beautiful mouth.

But the makeup is not enough. Looking down at my clothes I

realize that the pretty thing needs something pretty to wear!

This is so, so neat! What an exciting, fun game! I can't stop here.

Back in the bedroom I find a bra as I sort through the drawer. Holding it up, I open the shirt buttons down to the belt. Placing the bra inside my shirt, I am excited as the empty cups make girlish lumps under the cloth, the front connecting strap hidden by the holding hand. It adds to the feminine image. Again I feel deliciously naughty to be doing this, but I must. The thrills play though my body, igniting, but that's what rainy afternoons are for.

Hell, this is much more fun than being in school. This makes four skips this month. Probably get another lecture...if she finds out. But better her than Dave.

If her husband Dave is alerted, it could be another whipping. A whipping...hopefully not like the last one. I was hurting for three weeks after that. The remembrance also brings back the vision of Carol going off to the bedroom with Dave. The ache between my legs betraying my feelings, also making me aware of my arousal.

But the thought of Carol evaporates as I continue my browsing, only the arousal staying behind as evidence of my thoughts.

Sexy panties, the back open, what they call a thong. Intriguing. Definitely what I need! I quickly shed my pants and shirt, kicking my shoes to the side. Naked, I pick the thong up reverently from the drawer.

The silky garment feels cool as it slides up my legs. I tuck myself carefully into the triangular front piece, it's length not enough to cover my now expanding equipment. I don't fit. Tucking back forces everything out of the panel where it hangs.

An idea strikes me all at once. Remembering the open channel between my legs I decide to try something. Spreading my legs apart, I feel for the opening through the skin of my scrotum. My finger delves into it, pushing it wider. The feeling is odd, but compliments the others brought on by this strange affair. One at a time, I lift and press the spongy balls up, the opening seeming to absorb them. As the second goes in, only the small flap of scrotum is left. Standing straight, there is no uncomfortable feeling, only a feeling of fullness in my stomach. My eggs have again been fitted up into the recess of my groin. Remarkable.

Now I can fit my member into the small panel, the narrow strip in back nestling in my rear cleft. It holds the balls in place. I model in front of the mirror, legs together, up on toes.

It looks...different... it sends naughty chills through me.

But the picture is incomplete, the creature before me only part woman. I quickly find the bra that matches. Arms through bra straps, I attempt to hook it in back. But my hands don't want to bend this way. Several attempts end in failure and frustration. I take it off, study it for a minute. "Got it!" Wrapping it around my waist backward, I hook the clasp. Spinning it



# Letters to Kim Christy

If you wish to write to Kim and possibly have your letter published please send all correspondence to F.M.I P.O BOX 1622, STUDIO CITY CA. 91614. All letters sent are considered for unconditional publication unless otherwise specified. If you wish to have your pictures published as well, Please see the new requirements for model releases and ID on page 39.



Dear Kim Christy,

Hi, how are you? This letter is perhaps the hardest thing in my life to do, but I need to let it off my chest and I pray you get my letter, I know you can relate to my situation and help me do what is best.

My name is Alex, I am almost 26 years old, 5'9"

tall, 135-140 lbs, I have long blonde hair, blue eyes, and a healthy disease-free

body, and live on the Eastern shore of Maryland. Currently I live alone near the Chesapeake Bay, starting out all over again.

I had a "normal" life, male-female relationship for the last 5 years, along with a house, a car, truck, boat and a \$52,000.00 a year job, and have been living a double life also.

To keep a long story short as possible, last year around Halloween, I decided I'd been with

Ellen long enough to get dressed up for a big party we were having at our new home.

I told her there wasn't any reason to be embarrassed, so let me do my thing so I can be the perfect hostess. when I finished my hottest sexy look, I starred at myself in the mirror and girl-friend my stuff was hard, I knew there was going to be a lot of heads turning.

I strutted into the liv-



ing room full of our closest friends, spotted Ellen and walked over and laid one long wet sexy kiss on her, meanwhile everyone's jaw dropped. Several of my "good buddies" had their hands on my ass, a few really tried hard, but were they all surprised!

After one hell of a party, that morning Ellen and I sat in our sunroom and I explained to her my honest feelings about feeling as strongly as I do about being more of a woman. I understand physically I am a man, but even since I was around 6 years old, I've been sure and aware of my craving to be in girls

clothes, doing girl things and knew throughout life my yearning to be a woman.

During vacation at the condo in Ocean City, MD., when we walked down the boardwalk, people starred at us holding hands, guys came up and were trying to pick me up, my real girl was really upset. Finally she made up her mind in July of this year and decided to let our lives sperate. So now you see why I have to start all over, and I can honestly say I am doing very well.

Even though I work 6 days a week and deal with the public everyday, I keep my looks to where people often are looking twice. My boss is

the owner and treats me very well, I've been with them for 3 years and they know both sides of me also. Kim, believe me, I'm not some low-life with a criminal record, or broken home or screwed up childhood.

I'm around yachts and limos, sports cars, and everything neat in life, yet I feel since I'm my own person now, I can do what I want. Originally I'm from Maryland and worked in Washington DC, so you see I'm familiar with TVs and TSs and was totally seduced by one in New York. I never felt I knew these people good enough to find out how they became the beautiful people they are. As I mentioned before, I really feel you can help me make something of this want to be little blond bitch, while I'm still young, healthy and hot!

Off and on I made some side money from a photographer for a private collectors club, but due to my breakup everything is on hold. I had hundreds on clothing and accessories. She destroyed at least \$5000.00 worth of clothes, lingerie, shoes, jewelry, photos, everything that had to do with me crossdressing.

Luckily I have "saved" two shots of me, one while I'm on my waterbed after coming

back from Ocean City. I know its one hell of a look, but I just drove 90 miles and thats how I look at 3AM. the other one is me at my desk, snapped by my long time friend, he found some photos and wanted to know who the blonde chick was, because he though she looked familiar.

Well I invited him over for dinner and that night when he knocked on the door, guess who answered? I just grabbed his hand, not saying anything, and lead him to my office and said, "theres the camera". You see Kim, my lips get wet when I see a really nice looking guy and just thinking of what I could do with him, oh well, but I really would enjoy a reply from you personally, its taken too long to find a way to contact you, I'm serious about my letter.

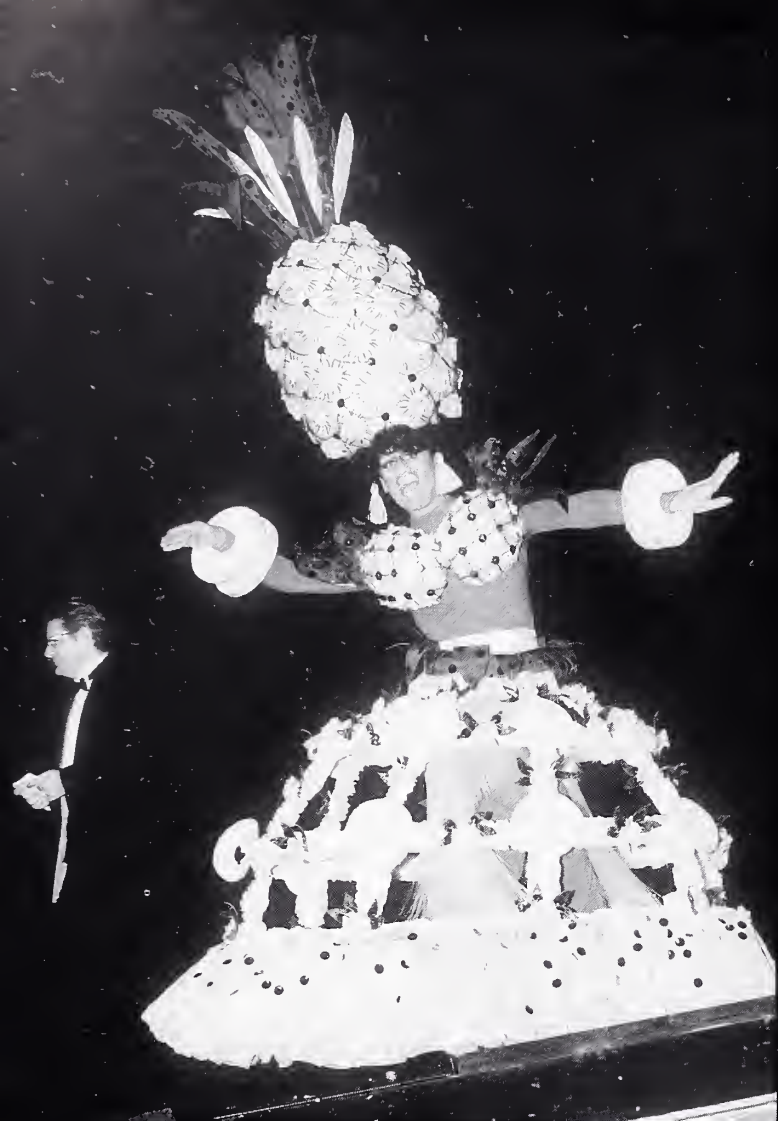
Waiting for your reply,  
Alex

*Dear Alex,*

It sounds to me like you have pretty much worked everything out for yourself. I am not sure what other advice I could offer, just keep safe and be honest.

Kim







**SEVENTH  
ANNUAL**

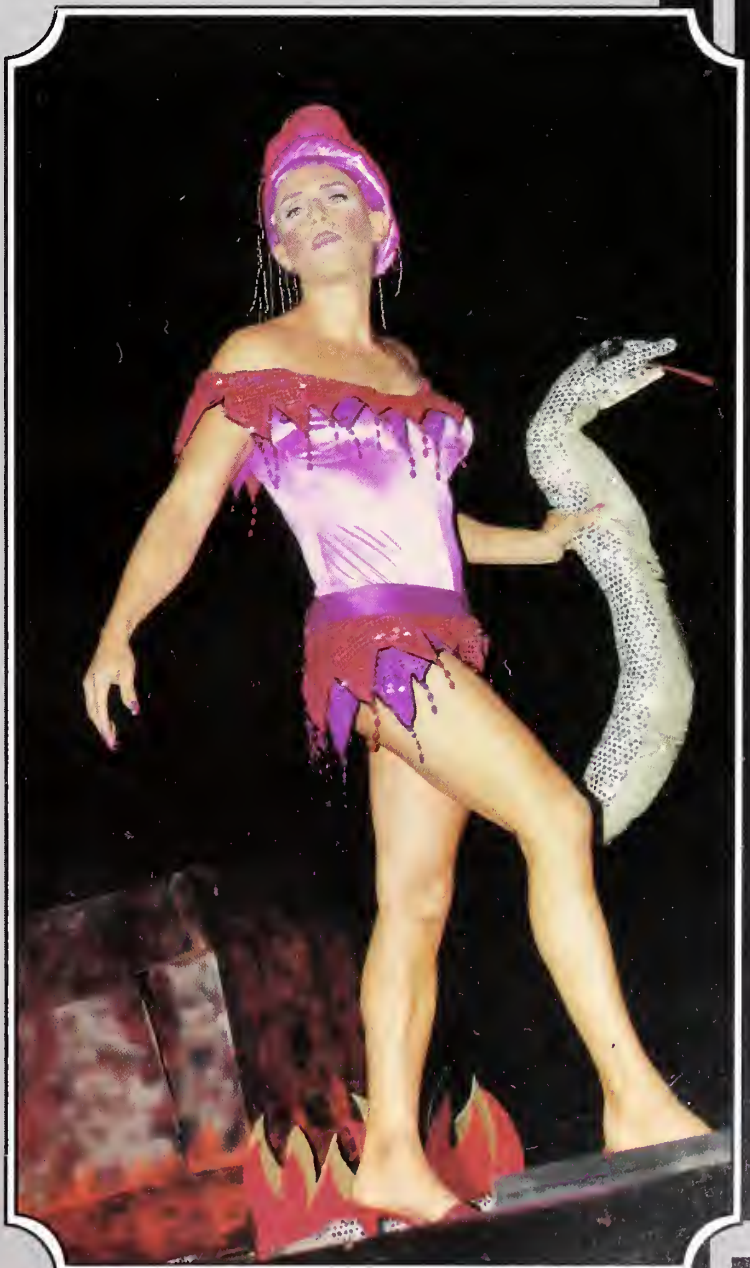
**BATTLE**

**FOR THE**

**TIARA**

**1996!**

Prior to the opening of the doors, the streets in front of the theater were crowded to the max with foxy drag queens and well known celebs. Having Nell Carter and Julie Newmar as judges for the event would prove to make this a very profitable and entertaining evening!







Money was literally thrown through the air and checks hand delivered to the MC with many zeros added after the initial number, tonight AID FOR AIDS would benefit big time, while the audience would be treated to the most entertaining group of guys, in dresses, Hollywood had ever seen. No one took themselves too seriously during the four part competition, bathing suit, talent, interviews, and the fabulous evening gown, but the "girls" were out to win, win, win ! The unique styles and antics of the contestants were something to see with no expense spared and all for charity, my dears.













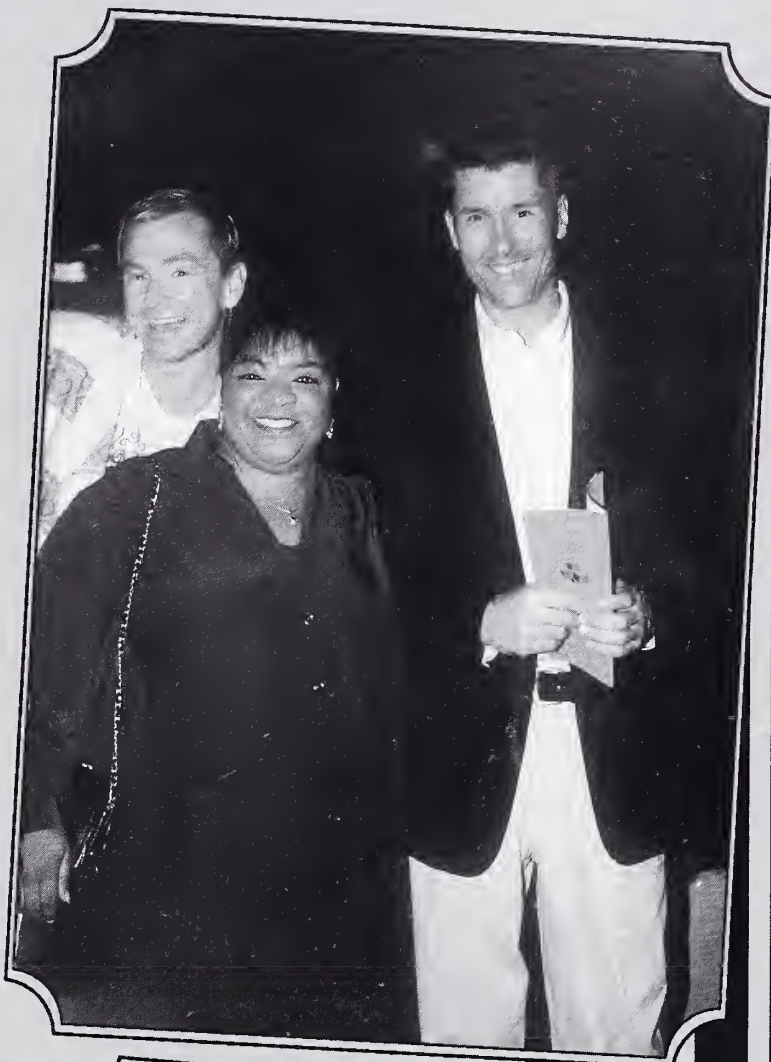
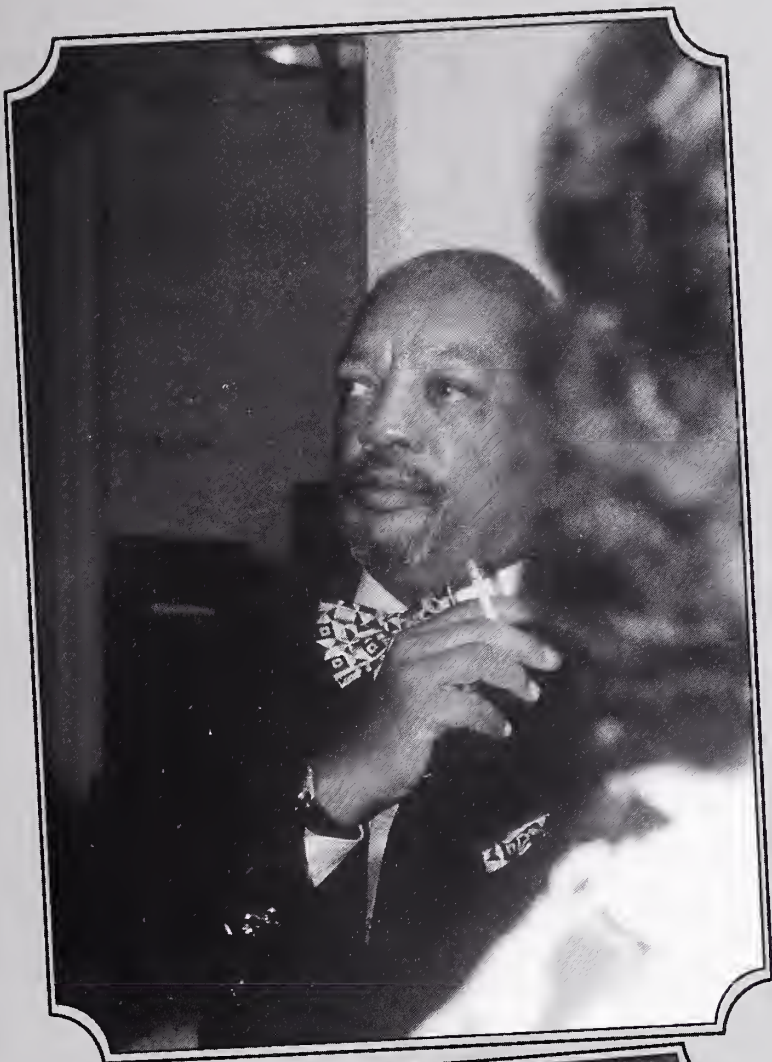






With names like GiGi Du Monde, Lasagna Buttafuccao, Kitten Kaboodle and Olympia Onassis you just knew this was all for camp, with the best cast of great sports who ever wore lipstick. In the end Miss Nebraska Kitten Kaboodle would win the title for 1996. The crowd would have the night of their life, and AID FOR AIDS would have \$40,000.00 to help the many needy people in the community. This is, without a doubt, one of the best organizations I have ever encountered, the good they do can not be measured, and our support helps many!

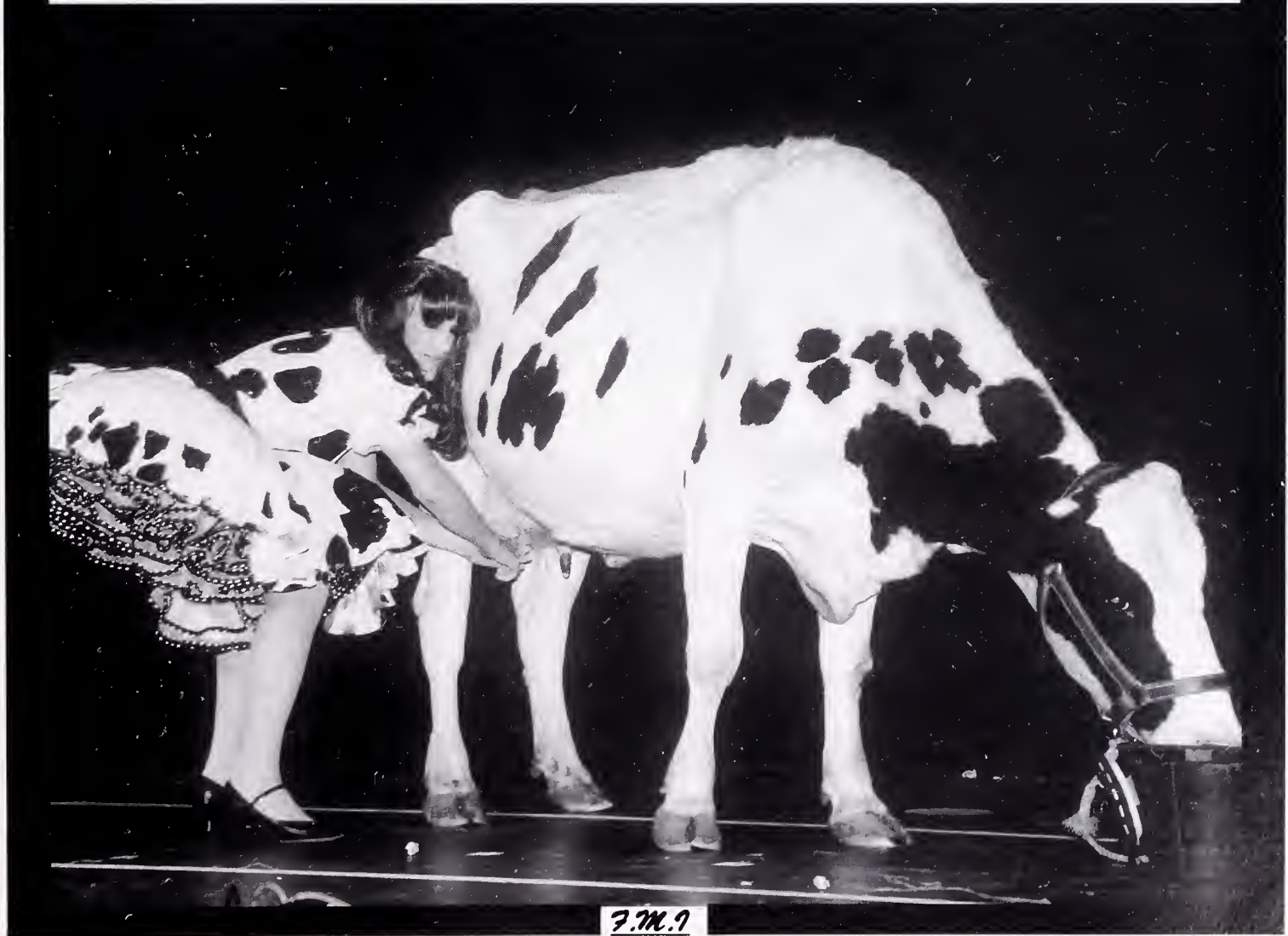














# FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL

THE PLACE TO MEET YOUR DREAM GIRL



#993

**SO CAL** Pre-op transsexual. Attractive, blue eyes, blonde, 5'10", 123 lbs., 36A-25-36, sexy, 35 yr old looking for a husband to share new life. Must be over 45 yrs old, over 6' tall, in shape, masculine at all times, mature and financially secure. I'm very feminine, caring and loyal to one man. This is not a sex ad. Only serious inquires, no feds, TV's, CD's. wannabe's or fantasy seekers. Send photo letter, SASE to **See photo F#993**



**PREFER STRAIGHT GUYS.** Hi! I'm Felicia, I am 26 yrs old, 6'1" and blue eyes, in 1995 I plan to start my process of change over! I am looking for friendship and possible relationship. I'm serious and hope you are too! I enjoy fine dining shopping, disco dancing and quite times at home. I prefer straight guys who like TV's for fun and good times? But I prefer black, but all is welcome, I'll answer all who writes. I would also like a TV for a friend!!! If you like what you see write with a photo. No drugs or heavy drinkers! Until then, Love Felicia.  
**SEE PHOTO F#994**

**CENTRAL FLORIDA AREA.** Single white male, attractive, middle-aged professional, seeking very feminine, pretty, passable TV or TS for long,term, intimate relationship. If your innermost desire is to live full-time as your femme self in a monogamous husband-wife relationship and to be treated as the very special lady that you are, perhaps I can help make your dreams come true. Will respond to all who send photo and phone number.  
**F#995.**

# PERSONAL ADS



**CAUTION: I'M SEXY,** provocative alluring and glamorous. My exotic make-up and succulent lips are complemented by my radiant long fingernails. I adore wearing short feminine attire that embrace the essence of my mystique. In that I'm 5'5", 124 lbs with very shapely legs and a derree reserved for intimate ecstasy, my hidden urge is for those whom aspire to gravitate and indulge the intoxicating vibrance of my intriguing tantalations. My aphrodisiac is to be captivated by your enchantments. Perhaps our infinity is within the stroke of your pen if you are a soft and beautiful TV/TS. Detailed letters and photo's are a must--for I am DeVita.  
**See photo. F#997**





**F-999**

**SEEKING SENSUAL TS.** I am seeking a warm, pretty and sensual full-time TS for fun, friendship and romance. I am a SWM, 34, who is 5'11", 180 lbs and good looking. I am a music industry executive who loves life and seeks someone to share it with. Please write and include photo/phone. I will respond to all. **F#9998.**



**F-1002**

**FUN LOVING CITY GIRL.**

Bi TV, 28, NYC, loves leather miniskirts, high heels and erotic makeup. Ill be your friend, playmate, slave, slut, prisoner, pen pal. I prefer pretty TV's. Photos, please. Jennifer. **SEE PHOTO F#999**

**ORLANDO - HELP!. I**

I'm trapped! Young, petite woman-to-be desperately needs info on gender reassignment. Who to call, write, doctors, surgeons, addresses, phone numbers, etc. Please help a fellow lady! Thank you! Thank You! **F#1001**

**F.N.?**  
**31**



**F-1003**

**ALBUQUERQUE/SANTA E FE AREA**

Bi TV would like to correspond, meet other TVs, TS, men, women. Love "dressing up" and acting like a slut. Will answer all w/photo. Tina **SEE PHOTO F#1002.**

**FUN GIRL.** Come play with me. Almost anything is fun. Jamie Lee, Redlands, CA. **SEE PHOTO F#1003**



### NOVICE TRAVELER

Novice TV, 35, seeks TV, TS or Man. Travel California and Colorado. Will correspond with all. Shaved legs especially welcome. No druggies, pros or alkie. F#1044

### SUBMISSIVE - FOOT WORSHIP

Athens, GA - Cute Bi-TV would Like to meet Male or couples. 5'4", 120#, 30, submissive, love to give oral sex, foot worship. Love Slave - Bobbie Kay. F#1005

### LINGERIE LOVER

Imaginative, curvy, hormone-enhanced TV/TS loves lingerie and posing. Seeks interesting friendships especially with understanding woman, D&D free, photo please Diana.

SEE PHOTO F#1006



### MUSCLE MAN!

Single, black, crossdresser, muscular, smooth, non-smoker, non-drugger, open minded, cultured, 5'10", 150 lbs., 35 yrs, HIV-, seeks fit, CD, TV, TS, hard bodies, show me your muscles, I'll show mine! Photo and SASE please. SEE PHOTO F#1007



F#1006

### "AMERICA'S HOTTEST TRANSSEXUAL SUPERSTAR"

*\* SUMMER ST. CERELY \**  
LIVE IN EUROPE !



You've seen my international movies, you've seen my magazines. The most exotic, unusual, versatile transsexual today is now available in Europe from **April 20th through September 10th**. You can call me direct or see my live European club act and performances in **Amsterdam, Holland, Germany, Italy, Belgium, and Paris**. For direct contact and bookings, you must call my New York office for my personal European phone Number.

### Instructions

New York. 1-212-629-1902 **Listen** to the message for Direct Personal phone number in Europe!





**F#1008**

**HONEST, SINCERE AND SHY**

SW-Ohio. I'm a 39 y.o. TV, 5'8", 138 lbs., would like to hear from other TV/TS's for friendship, fun and advice. Coming out more and considering hormones soon. Love to hear from men 30-50 any race for possible relationship. I'm honest, sincere and somewhat shy. I love the outdoors and quite romantic evenings, simple things in life, and men that make me feel like a woman. Please write, Sincerely Cassie. **F#1008 SEE PHOTO**



**F#1010**

**PROFESSIONAL CROSS-DRESSER**

Charlotte, N.C., Sexy, professional crossdresser wishing to meet like people male, female, TV or TS. Write with photo for fast response. You won't be sorry. Love, Michelle. **F#1010 SEE PHOTO**



**F#1011**

**GEORGIA PEACH**

Shemale slut interested in hearing from all. Did your mama wharn you about women like me? Are you woman or man enough to take a chance on making a new friend? Love sharing fantasies with new friends. Hope you're one Hon! SASE & Photo please. Lisa. **F#1011 SEE PHOTO**



**F#1012**

**SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA**

Like what you see? Maybe you're the man for me! Beautiful Oriental, Pre-op transsexual, looking for one good man and lasting relationship. I am sincere and secure. **F#1012 SEE PHOTO**

**PLEASE NOTE!!**

Some of you request information when placing your ads and unless you enclose a self-addressed-stamped-envelope (SASE) to receive your answer, it will not be forthcoming. It is not possible for us to keep up with all of the correspondence that we receive, this will insure you get your requested information. The EDITOR.



**F#1009**

**PEN-PALS**

Love to dress up and feel feminine and pretty. sharing with others enhances the experience. Write soon! Photo and SASE guarantees reply. **F#1009 SEE PHOTO**





**F#1016**

**EXOTIC FLOWER.** Quiet and shy, thirty something, exotic flower desires discreet romantic encounters with masculine men of class, especially generous older gentlemen. 5' 9" tall and 165 well placed pounds, single, sincere, safe and sane. Waiting...See photo F#1016

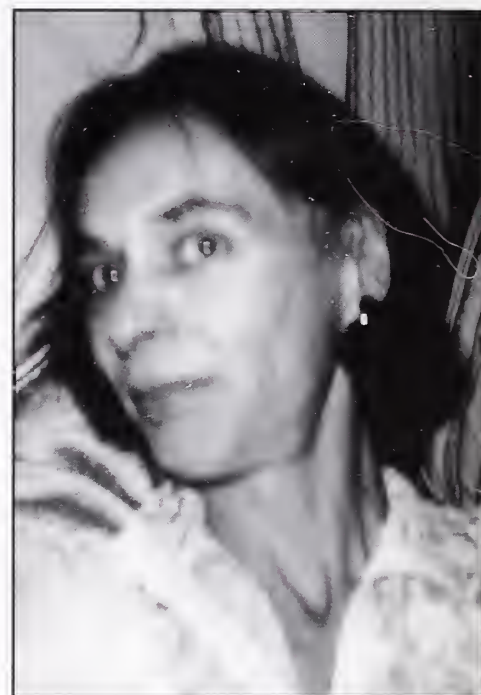
**VACATION ANYONE.** DWPM semi-retired, young looking 48, 6' 2", handsome, desires very attractive, passable SHE-MALE 20-35 years old 5' 9" tops, thin (135 lbs tops) for special relationship. I'll travel anywhere continental US or fly you here (Western PA) or vacation together. Short letter with picture (s) brief description, SASE and/or phone number gets immediate response. thanks. See photo F#1017

**SHARE ETERNITY.** Clean WM, 36 yrs young 240, 6'3", safe, stable, discreet. ISO that special someone to share eternity with, are you warm, loving, possible, TS, TV, ect. Love to hear from you, Love Mike. **F#1018**



**F.M.?**  
**34**

**TRUE DEVOTEE.** Bi/W/M/CD - 5' 9" Model, slim, blue eyes, young 40's, true devotee, cult of the feminine. Intelligent, artistic, seductive, submissive, many exotic arts. seeking mature Svengali, 40 - 60. Prefer stocky, dark, bald a plus. Relocation live-in desired. Definitive letter w/photo gets detailed response. Fems, ladies too. See photo F#1019



**#1019**



**#1017**





**F#1013**

**VERY PASSABLE TV, 22,** Looking for other pretty TV's in the Mid-West into the "rich bitch" look. Long nails, lipstick and long cigarettes. Also love frilly wedding and formal gowns. Passable only please.(SEE PHOTO) **F#1013.**



**F#1014**

**CHICAGO AREA,** Sissy TV Maid wishes to correspond and or meet with dominate females, TV's, couples, or select males. I am bi-sexual and adore serving as a French maid and being forced to give French and receive Greek. Must phone # for my immediate reply. Love Lisa (SEE PHOTO) **F#1014**

**INDY - SWM PROFESSIONAL** seeking young (18-35) beautiful pre-op in the IN, OH, IL, area for dates, great times, and possible LTR. I'm 36 6'4" 240#'s, very masc. and attractive. Looking for someone who loves erotic attire, heels, boots and light B&D. Please send photo. **F#1015**





**I'M EARLY 40's**, I would like to make friendship with TVs, TSs, and ladies in the states. I usually go to Tokyo downtown in drag and have many adventures. Write me with photo please. Your letter brings you my photo.  
**SEE PHOTO F#1020**

**CUTE, YOUNG, CD.** in Dallas wishes to correspond with others. Interested in photos and videos. Will entertain men who know hot to treat and spoil a lady! Also dream of taking hormones to enhance femininity. Love, Ludy.  
**SEE PHOTO F#1021**



**HELLO, MY NAME IS EMI**, I am Japanese she-male, 24 years. I want to be a model. I seek video or magazine, please give me a letter.  
**SEE PHOTO F#1022**

**PHILA SUBURBS...** She-male, fiftyish loves nylons, lingerie, heels and everything femme, have trim good figure. Desire to meet TVs, couples, singles. Have varied interests. Discreet.  
**F#1023**





**SW BI-TV** from central NJ, would like to expand my circle of friends. Not a novice, I am smooth shaven, friendly and open-minded. I enjoy correspondence, photo exchange and hosting panty parties at my home. Love and Kisses Veronica.  
**SEE PHOTO F#1024**

**YOUNG HOT** TV looking for female of TS to aid in complete transformation. No men please. Love Jill.  
**SEE PHOTO F#1025**



**WHERE ARE ALL THE GOOD GIRLS?, TS, SHE-MALE,TV,. AT?** I am looking for a special friend or a wife, who are willingly spend rest of our lives as a lovely lady. I have many different interests, but I enjoy quite evening at home with a special person. It is you. Please write.  
**F#1026**





**I LOVE TO** be all the woman I dream of and when my master allows me to I'll become all the whore/lesbian anyone could want. Contact for total satisfaction masters wishes my only limit.

**SEE PHOTO F#1027**



**PENNSYLVANIA PAPER DOLL...** Looking for a generous man. do you enjoy the company of a naughty but nice girl? My name is Vicki Lane and I live in Philadelphia. I'm blonde, saucy and love to play dress up! From beads to leather. I would like to hear from everyone, age doesn't matter. Vicki is a performing TV and loves to entertain. I love size 6 dresses and 8 1/2 in a woman's shoe. I am looking for support and clothing for my upcoming pageants and shows. Let me show you what a knock out looks like. Photos available. Dress me up honey!

**SEE PHOTO F#1028**

**RENO - N. CAL.** She-male, tall, thin, passable TS seeks quality men for dating and possible ltr. Am single, can entertain. Love to meet other attractive she-males in my area. Write with photo soon. Stacey!

**SEE PHOTO F#1029**



# HOW TO ANSWER A FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL PERSONAL AD

FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL  
C/O LEORAM INC  
P.O BOX 1622  
STUDIO CITY CA. 91614-1622.  
Please make checks and money  
orders payable to  
**LEORAM INC.**

(1). Write your letter and enclose it in an **UNSEALED** envelope. If you write more than one letter, place each letter in a separate envelope. Each of these envelopes should have your correct address printed on the upper left-hand corner and include sufficient postage. Letters received without postage will be returned.

(2). Write (**IN PENCIL**) the Confidential Ad Number of the person you wish to write in the lower right-hand corner of the envelope. We will then properly address your envelope and mail it for you.

(3). Send Two-Dollars (**\$2.00**) for the first letter and ( \$1.25 ) for each additional letter you wish us to forward for you.

(4). Fill out the coupon below and place it-along with the letter(s) to be forwarded - in a larger envelope. Enclose the proper remittance and send letter(s) to at the address given below.

## FORWARDING FEES:

Your first letter is ( **\$2.00** ) and each additional letter add ( **\$1.25** ) I have enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ which is payment in full for forwarding the enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ letters. I hereby certify that I am over eighteen (18) years of age.

NAME: \_\_\_\_\_ AGE: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_ SEX: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE \_\_\_\_\_

**Please Note:** Because of increased expenses we will now have to charge an initial placement fee as follows: \$6.00 for an all-type ad. \$7.50 for an ad with a photo. Please make CHECK or MONEY order payable to Leoram Inc, Please check instruction before mailing.

**PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY**

## F.M.I. PERSONAL AD ORDER FORM

My ad should read

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MAIL TO  
FEMALE MIMICS INTERNATIONAL  
C/O LEORAM INC P.O Box 1622  
STUDIO CITY, CA. 91614-1622.

THE MODELS RELEASE BELOW MUST BE FILLED OUT COMPLETELY IF YOU WISH TO PLACE A PHOTO AD OR HAVE A PHOTO OF YOURSELF APPEAR IN THE MAGAZINE.  
YOUR INFORMATION WILL BE COMPLETELY CONFIDENTIAL AND PRIVATE

*I hereby waive any and all right to inspect or approve the photographs, or the advertising copy or printed matter that may be used by the Users in conjunction therewith, and further waive any claim that i may have to the eventual use to which it may be applied. Such photographs may be used in the solo discretion of the users with my name or a fictitious name, and with fictitious or accurate biographical material.*

*I hereby release, discharge any agree to save harmless the Users from and against any and all liability in connection with the use of such photographs and from any liability as a result of any distortion, blurring or alteration, optical illusion or use in composite form, either intentionally or otherwise, that may occur or be produced in the taking, processing or reproduction of the finished product, or its publication or distribution, even should the same subject me to ridicule, scandal, reproach, scorn or indignity.*

*I hereby represent that i am over the age of 21 years and have read the authorization and release prior to its execution, I have not been induced, other than by the consideration received, to execute the same by any representation mad by the photographer or his agents, employees or any one acting on his behalf.*

Witness Signature: \_\_\_\_\_

Date: \_\_\_\_\_

SIGNATURE: \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS: \_\_\_\_\_

CITY: \_\_\_\_\_ STATE: \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP: \_\_\_\_\_ - \_\_\_\_\_



around, I slip my arms through the straps and pull it up into place. Odd, but I am proud of myself for this little ingenuity.

The cups are filled with other sweet smelling panties, soft on my skin. They swell the front, providing a girlish figure, not a gangly boy's body. The bra is tight on my chest, my breathing is controlled by it. Deep breathes are held back. I smile a smile of liking.

White high heel pumps are on the floor by the bed. I had tried my mother's, way back when, but my feet had not even filled the front of the shoes then. I had shuffled through the house accompanied by her soft laughter. These are higher, sexier. Holding the bed post with one hand, I slip one on. Cool, light, delicate. It molds my foot in its curvy path. Stepping into it, I am immediately lifted up. I could be high on a building edge looking down. Very far down. The other slips into place. Now I am perched on a mountain top. Precarious.

I walk carefully, the ankles wobbling a little in my uncertainty. "Small steps, that's the trick...yeah, small steps." I congratulate myself again for having mastered something else.

Since the death of my parents, my total worth added up to nothing. Nothing at school, nothing in hobbies. What I tried I failed at. Sports found me too thin, girls didn't find me macho, so most things were never tried at all. Nothing interested me...until this!

Around and around the room, I acclimate myself to the height

of the shoes. Interestingly, I am good at it, catching on quickly. As I near the closet I pause, my hands sorting through the hangers, rejecting things as "not being me". A floral print stays my hand. Lifting, my fingers feel the slick of the material. I walk to the bed with a sexy roll, laying the dress there reverently.

Back to the drawers. I had watched my mother dress often enough to know that a slip is in order. Powder blue to match the bra and thong. It slithers down my body from over my head, careful of my makeup and hairdo. The material adding to the new and different feel coming over me. I walk, reveling at the tingle that has filled my body. I know deep down it is sexual in nature, but cannot pinpoint the why's of my enjoyment.

On the dresser I find a pair of gold clip on earrings, the large discs flashing in contrast to the dark of my hair. Perfect. They snap into place, the tension a reminder. They catch the light, jiggling as I move. The feminine accessory finishes the portrait of a woman before me in the mirror. They de-emphasize the shortness of my hair, hair which needs a trimming. But now I don't want to get it cut. I don't care about fitting in at school, trying to be accepted. I never have...I never will. It fluffs fuller now, making it appear stylish.

Legs carefully step into the dress, it is worked up into place, the slip tucked down, smoothed to avoid bunching. The back zipper gives me fits until my patience is rewarded.

The mirror confirms... Pretty. I

feel infinitely naughty, it's nice.

I parade back and forth, allowing the creation to flaunt and pose for me. I am elated, I've never enjoyed myself so much, and I was able to do it by myself, for myself. A giddiness bubbles inside me, I cannot help but smile. The different feel of the material against my skin, the taste of the lipstick, the forward tilt of the heels, the sexuality of these things begins to flow forth capturing me, holding me in its power.

I watch in the mirror as a hand traces the feminine form from breasts to belly. I can easily imagine my hands on this feminine body...or someone else's hands on my feminine body. The thought causes my penis to jump. At my center I smooth the material, pressing taut. The outline of an erection pushes out, the lump previously unnoticeable under the full skirt of the dress. The hand lingers, petting at the sensitive area. A thrill runs through me.

I move to the larger hall mirror for a better look. An elfin creature meets me there. She smiles for me, the deep red of the lips capturing my focus, she poses coyly, breasts trust out. All I must do is think a sexy pose and she immediately moves to obey.

It builds. My need is for this woman. The sexual excitement coming over me, lifting my spirits in this new game I have found. What is it about dressing this way that fascinates so? The contrast? The dichotomy of boy to girl? Is this the same as when we dress small boys in the outfits



of big rough football players, or small children like adults? Yes, I'm sure that's it. It's a game. My own private game of costumes and disguises. But a game with an infinitely deeper sexual overtone.

The lovely girl in the mirror beckons to me. As I watch hypnotized, she turns her back to me, bends forward and looks back past her slim legs. The dress pulls taut over the rounded globes of her rear. Smiling as she rises, she runs her hands up the backs of her legs. Turning around now, she reaches under her dress, the hand moving slowly up the long shapely thigh. Her beautiful face is frozen in abject concentration at what she is doing. The dress is lifted, exposing the small blue crotch panel. One hand dips and is caught in the front triangle of panty cloth. I am sure I am watching someone else. The dark panel is lowered, tantalizing my senses.

After eons the thong is cleared away, popping from the rear cleft, the hand in the front panel still blocking the view. It finally strokes down, dropping the panty, but a rigid cock pops forth, bobbing in its excitement. The apparition startles me, shaking my senses as if I didn't know that it was there, but I watch mesmerized.

Her hand reaches to grip the erection in a silken tunnel, a stroking motion starting from the base to the cap. My breathing coming in gulps, I watch in fascination as the mushroom cap appears and disappears in the channel formed by the small hand. She licks her lips sexily as

her eyes take on a sloe, lusty look. Finally a look of pure ecstasy floods the girl's face. She leans towards the mirror, a hand reaching for balance. The tip of the prick is dark, straining in its excitement. She jerks, and a large stringy spurt of cum hits the mirror and slides down, obscuring the image of the pretty lady. At the same time, I realize that another pressure is building at my center. My legs spread and the spongy balls I've been holding inside me are let loose. They drop into their soft container as wave after wave of passion overcomes me. More salvo's follow as she and I sway together in our ecstasy.

The orgasm was not mine. I had never been so overcome with the power of it, so immersed in it. No, there was a special element to this, something that was missing in the past, something missing before SHE came into my life. Then my orgasms were centered, totally contained in my penis. This time my whole body participated, was immersed in, roiled in the essence of passion. I can't understand the why...only that I like it...that I must have it again.

Carefully, I undress with reverence, checking my scrotum. No problem. My jewels are sensitive but there is no tenderness or pain. I put things back. I hate to, but I know I must, Carol will be home soon. But the feeling is there. I know I will have to do this again. I have found a need, a pleasure in my life, something to dream about, something more solid than the visions of somehow being accepted by Kenny

and his group at school.

Past nights brought wispy thoughts of acceptance, me and Kenny doing things, hanging out together. Macho buddies. It would never happen. Only dreams.

They watch him, aware of something different. They are careful not to appear staring, but they are sure that something has changed. "Goddam kid, he drives me nuts...so brooding...now today he's practically floating on the ceiling...what's gotten into him?"

"Now Dave, you know he's never been right since his parents passed on like that. He'll get over it. Like the other night, he was almost crying...but he seems very happy now. He must have had a good day at school, or found something to do to keep him busy, ...or maybe our influence on him is starting to have an effect."

Dave looks at Carol, "Yeah, it could be...the little sissy boy."

## CONTINUED

### IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF F.M.I



# COLOR PHOTO SETS



**PS#14**  
**SUBSTITUTE WIFE**



**PS#15**  
**SHE-MALE COWGIRL**



**PS#16**  
**DAWN'S DARK DAYDREM**

**18 VERY HOT  
COLOR PHOTOS  
IN EACH SET  
OF THE MUST  
BEAUTIFUL  
SHE-MALES  
FROM AROUND  
THE WORLD  
FOR JUST  
\$24.00each**

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**PSN JULIE BOND / PSO ANGEL  
PSP STEF / PSQ COCO / PS3 IRIS  
PS1 AVA / PSY CASSANDRA  
PSX MORELL / PS5 HEATHER.  
PS7 BABY BROOKE / PS11 DAWN**

## **ALSO HOT PHOTOS FROM OTHER KIM CHRISTY'S FILMS**

**PSR CLEO AND HER SLAVE / PSS BIKER BITCHES  
PSU STEVE / PSV CHOCOLATE MOTEL  
PSW GOOD BOY/ BAD GIRL  
PSZ MORELLE AND THE MARINE  
PS1 PANTY PRINCESS / PS2TV TRAINING CENTER  
PS4 AUNTI V'S / PS6 SHE-MALE COCK TEASERS  
PS8 EXPOSED BRIDE / PS9 NOT A NORMAL BOY  
PS10 ALEXANDRA / PS13 LESBIAN COCK SUCKER  
PS12 GIRLIE-MAN / PS15 SHE-MALE COWGIRL**

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# GENDER-BENDERS

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38B would like to talk with other TV's who have complete wardrobe. I need help becoming more ladylike.

**Voice Mail Box #02508**

Hot transsexual blonde, blue eyes, beautiful model, looking for good conversation.

**Voice Mail Box #27241**

I'm a beautiful transsexual who's very rich. I love dressing in women's clothing. I dream about a man with a nice body and everything to go along with it. Nice muscles and be wild as you want. Call me and make my fantasy come true.

**Voice Mail Box #18179**

TV/TS - I'm Sondra, a loving caring devoted TV and I want to talk to a good strong man who can handle this special kind of girl.

**Voice Mail Box #49213**

TV blonde, blue eyes, and nice shape, the kind of girl that men would just love to fall in love with. I like everything especially phone fun during late night hours if you know what I mean. Call me soon.

**Voice Mail Box #14704**

TS long black hair, tall, black with all features of a woman. I'm a beauty, measurements are 40D-28-36 and I'm looking to treat a man right. Someone who loves black women and not scared to try anything for the first time. Call me I'll tell you all about it!

**Voice Mail Box #03013**

TV married male, 33, seeking very feminine, attractive, passable TS or TV. I'm a beginner, well built, but if you force me to wear women's clothes I will. Tell me what to do.

**Voice Mail Box #33740**

Seeking experienced TV/TS to train me to be a sexy woman. Call me I'll do anything for you.

**Voice Mail Box #08257**

25 year old blonde with blue eyes. I'm a TV/TS European cross-dresser who loves to wear black sexy lingerie.

**Voice Mail Box #67384**

Tall red-head with brown eyes. I'm a sassy TV/TS cross-dresser. One who loves satin and lace. I've got a great big surprise for you. Let's talk and get to know one another.

**Voice Mail Box #46033**

Hot Sexy TV/TS who loves to party. 5' 9" black hair, green eyes and a beautiful figure with killer legs. Call me for hot conversation.

**Voice Mail Box #22548**

Sexy TV/TS. Hot Seanna has something special to offer. Enjoys sexy lingerie on you and me. Fantasy phone play and just pure sexiness. Let's be girlfriends.

**Voice Mail Box #35959**

Voluptuous TV/TS Sexy Sytea wants you to know she's a 36-32-36 willing and able to satisfy your every need. Call me, let's play treasure hunt. I'm the prize.

**Voice Mail Box #83260**

29 year old Brazilian transsexual with dark complexion, 5' 9" hazel eyes and very sexy. Into male phone companions. I love to indulge.

**Voice Mail Box #94211**

Juicy TV/TS. 6', 32-34-36. I'm young, single with blue eyes and open for any new friends. I have a big surprise. Let's explore together. Call me.

**Voice Mail Box #06631**

Just coming out of the closet and looking for someone to take me a little further.

**Voice Mail Box #50290**

I'm looking for a sexy she-male who is looking for good clean phone fun. I enjoy lingerie & lots of toys.

**Voice Mail Box #77086**

European cross dresser 27 years old into fulfilling all of your fantasies. Honey blonde green eyed female.

**Voice Male Box #10915**

The most beautiful TS you will ever speak to in your life is looking for very outgoing people to party with. Let's talk and have fun.

**Voice Mail Box #94068**

I'm, 26, 5' 9" slim slender shapely body with long blonde hair. If you're looking for the best of both worlds, you've hit the jackpot. I'm good looking, clean and lots of fun and action. I love rough phone play. Call me, if you can handle this.

**Voice Mail Box #44425**



# VIDEO'S

## Kim Christy's Hot New Video's



### SEXCAPADES.

SC.....120 Min.....\$59.95

Witness for yourself these World-Class She-Males as they go about their everyday life, with passions so deep and bizarre they only come out at night! The best of both worlds is an understatement As this forbidden world of human sexuality must be seen to be believed! XXX Action



### The YOUNG and The TRANSGENDERED

YT.....80 Min.....\$59.95

**The first She-Male Soap-Opera!**

Carnal Candy / Morelle De Keigh /Magnificent Margo and TV sensation Mr. Billy! star in this Horny ass-splitting adventure of a cheating husband and the hottest petticoated maid and biggest pussy pole you have every seen. XXX Action



### SUBSTITUTE WIFE

SW.....60 Min.....\$59.95

See for yourself the transformation of a young man into a raging blond slut eager to satisfy a big burly man while his wife is away. A highly erotic fantasy come true!! A must see new 'Kim Christy' Video Starring Super Star : Paul Baresl and Shaunna Bliss x Action



She-Male Cock Teasers  
CT.....\$49.95



Auntie V's Panty Boy  
AV.....\$49.95



TV TRAINING CENTER  
TC.....\$49.95



Not A Normal Boy  
NB.....\$59.95



She-Male Princess  
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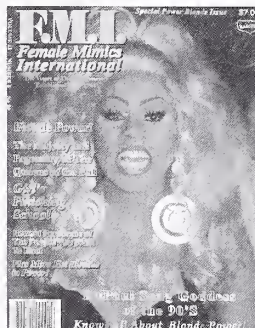




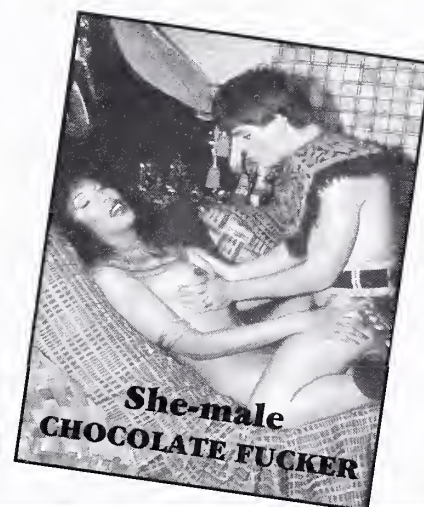
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